VOLUME 2/ NUMBER 4 $1.25

DIAMOND STUD

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WE CHALLENGE YOU TO READ
THE MACHINE by Richard Rank

View From The Bridge
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GIRL WITH THE
ONE TRACK MIND
****
GUNSHY AT THE
K. O. CORRAL
****
The Big Question
****
HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE
****

A Poetic Discourse Into Another Time and World SHE by R. J. Stallion

DIAMOND STUD

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 4

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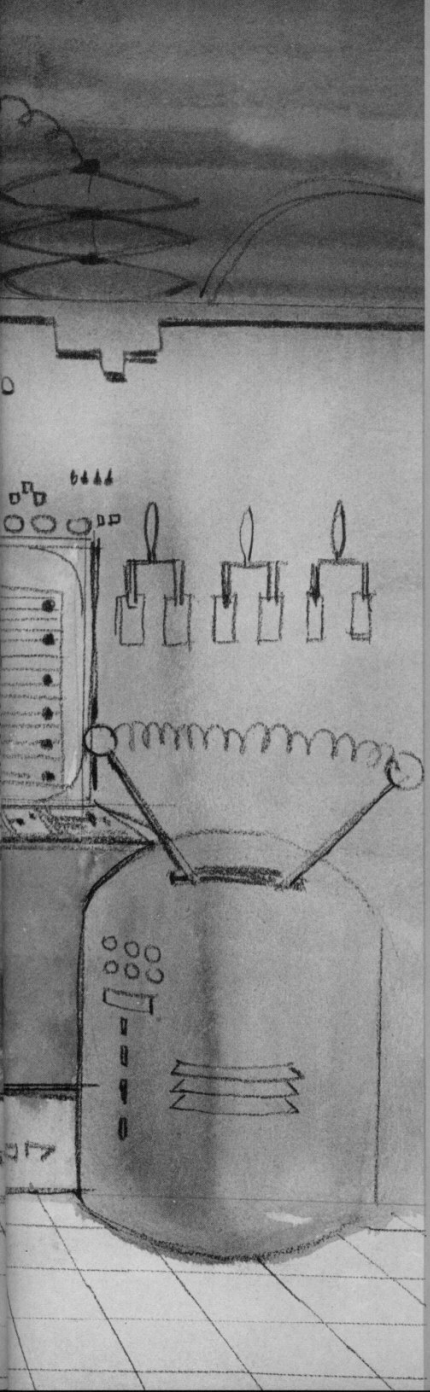
There we were, on the rustic bridge in Ferndale Park, shooting (and you won't believe this) pictures of children for another magazine assignment. When, along came this delectable debutante and her young 3 year old daughter. Although this presented a rather difficult problem, since we were fascinated by the sensual womanly charm of the mother, we asked if we mightn't capture the charming youngster on film.

We, being of a rather devious nature, utilized this to our advantage, striking up a more than casual conversation with the mother. She was, we delightedly found out, not married.

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

Her name was Cynthia Hillsey and she was (to our good fortune) unemployed. No, absolutely not, would she consent to posing for those nasty men's magazines. Not, mind you, because she was that much of a moralist, but because she thought that she would be too nervous to pose in the bare necessities. Well, this certainly didn't open the door but it did get the key in the lock. "How do you know," we asked, "if you've never tried it?" No answer, just a flushed smile. "Of course," we pressed, "there is that modeling fee. Wouldn't it come in handy—for the child's sake mind you."

Years of practice and a basically dishonest mind paid off for us. The next day, camera, flowers and a bottle of champagne in hand, we entered her modest apartment in West Hollywood. The rest is history. She loved it. Plans to make modeling a career. "After all," she stated, "you photographers aren't a bad lot!"



THE MACHINE

By Richard Rank

Professor Lucius P. Palmdiddle was a dedicated man. He had devoted his entire lifetime, close to 63 years to science. And, now, as he looked back at those years, many spent in the laboratories of sophisticated and *avante garde* universities, others with the nation's leading electronic and scientific firms, he began, at this stage of his life, to reflect on his accomplishments, past victories and, with all due respects to his humility, his defeats.

This search of inner-self began one day while he was having lunch on the lawn of Mononeucleartronics, division of Aerospaceology, Inc., where he was presently developing, or helping to develop, a unique machine that could literally see through such materials as silk, cotton, rayon and nylon. A project that had captured his imagination from the very beginning – indeed, there were, even now, some very interesting specimens walking along the pathway directly in front of him that would make exceptionally outstanding subjects for the prototype now in its final stages of completion.

However preoccupied he was at that particuular time of his life, he began

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the great numbers RACKET

It's an odds-on bet that the only figures that don't lie are worn by pretty girls!

Long after the final, shattering mushroom cloud has lifted its radioactive poison from our skies, after the last man breathes his final gasp and beyond the time when the tiny creatures of the ocean once more make their way onto the then dry land and civilization is again reborn and even then not until some smart history professor digs into our ruins will he come up with the conclusive evidence that this, our age, was the age of the statistic.

Our discovery of the atom, electricity, short skirts, bikini bathing suits, and zip-top beer cans fairly pales in the overwhelming evidence of our concern with statistics. In a number, we have cast our mold on the history of man. In a number, we make our way to immortality. And if you don't believe it, ask four out of five doctors, eight out of nine engineers, or anyone of those in the know.

Even discounting the blatant claims of advertisers, whose laboratory tests and independent researchers have borne out their huckster claims, the world's populace respects no idol like that of the statistic. What would-be stateman would dare run for office

without a "straw" poll? Isn't a representative cross-section of the voting public a part of every campaign? It most certainly is. But in the sorry words of Dewey, Nixon, and Company, those same figures are not to be believed so often.

In the main, however, the figures don't lie, but evenwhen they do ,the people will honor them just the same.

It's impossible to say just why we love statistics, why the knowledge of the longest, shortest, fastest, slowest, highest, lowest, richest, poorest, tallest, shortest, hottest, coldest, oldest, youngest, fattest, thinnest, biggest, smallest, broadest, leanest, or simply the most—or the least—holds such fascination for us, but the fact remains that this specious information does make us feel a bit smarter than the apes at least.

Now, if you happen to be outside of a bar, some of the following information may not prove to be of much help to you in winning the girl, getting the job, or sneaking out of the house to play poker with the boys. But it might.

Who knows, the little woman may just become so fascinated with your knowledge of such things as the number of persons employed in the world's largest building (the Empire State in New York City) to let you loose on Wednesday night. About 20,000 people work there for some 940 companies.

But inside the friendly neighborhood pub, where it is written that nine out of ten arguments over the most and the least, etc., etc., take place, a bit of authority on such subjects as the largest building (the Pentagon), the tallest structure (the 1,749-foot TV tower for WTVM and WRBL in Columbus, Ga.), the longest bar (the Birmingham [England] Racecourse Enclosure Bar, 330 feet long!) might prove to be as valuable as two aces hidden in seven-card stud. Of course, it is not just inside the dark interiors of a palace of libation that it helps. Think of the settling effect a sureness of knowledge brings to the lunchtime bull-session or the fraternity house beer bust.

Somewhere along the line, however, one begins to wonder just where in god's little hell creation did anyone ever begin to get the idea that records should be kept for the smallest, tallest, etc., etc.? Well, looking back in our files of crusty reporters, we find a few references to then record-breaking achievements – written in sandskrit on clay tablets.

But those were nothing in comparison to the records modern man has to keep track of today: Records that not only encompass sports (the favorite record-keeping activity of man for all time), but politics, engineering, science, aviation, education, drinking, and, we hazard to guess, even girl-watching.

Records, you may protest, are but a small part of the field of statistics. And indeed they are. But there are few more interesting specimens of human relationship than in the records we have achieved. But, too true also, is the dismal fact that they really are just a part of that over-all compulsion known as statistics.

Our era of the statistic is a cliche. Cite a numerical figure, and we hasten to point out that it does not necessarily have to be true, and any argument is immediately closed. The statistic, in short, rules our lives.

How deeply does it rule? Let's take a not so imaginary trip through a typical 20th Century man's history. He is born, the statistics tell us, to a median income of something less than three-thousand dollars a year, of caucasian parents who worship in a Protestant church, vote, pay taxes, and who will die at 69 years. Such are the dismal facts of statistics. On the grim side, this same poor character will be involved in 3.2 accidents in his life time. Just how in hell anyone could be involved in two-tenths of an accident, of course, is simply an embarrassing offshoot of the "statistics."

This compulsion to numbers has even pushed out of that most historically favorite of all male pastimes, apreciation of feminine beauty. Who among us in the 20th Century has heard a beauty contest critic comment on the comeliness of a woman without mentioning her 38-26-36? It's a shame too, because for all we poor slavering lover of womanhood may know, this same darling with a 38-26-36 may have a hairlip and the mentality of bovine. But evidentally, in this statistic-conscious society, the bare abbreviation of her measurements is sufficient evidence that she is a doll.

Is this a good thing? Well there are yet among us who would, for just a few minutes every month or so, like to hear one of those judges expound on the line of her bosom, the flow of her long legs into voluptuous swell of hip and then into the softly rounded curve of torso—without once mentioning that these delightful features tape out at 38-26-36. Anyone giving odds that nine out of ten men wouldn't prefer it this way?

Well, beauty is still in the eye of the beholder and no amount of statistical evidence will ever replace it. But the encroachments of the numbers racket enter every facet of living from books to newspaper circulation from television ratings to theater.

It seems no longer necessary that a man writes a good book. The essential measure of its worth no longer rests with the merit of the book itself, but with the bookseller's report on its sales. Advertisers wouldn't dream of touching a newspaper unless it could show such and such circulation, a thing

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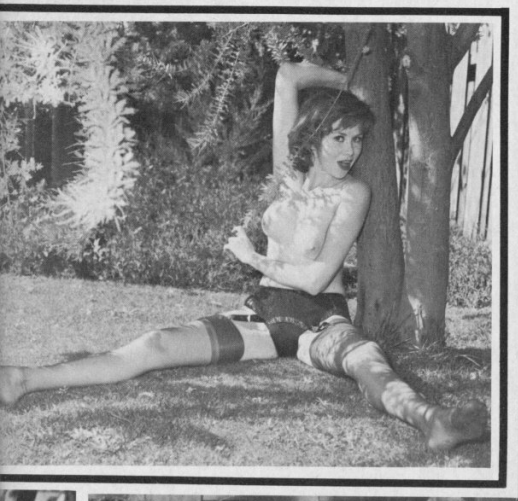
ONE-TRACK MIND

The many varied conversations with figure models produce some rather interesting and startling revelations. Take Tammy Howard for instance. She entertains absolutely no other thoughts than revealing her absolute for profit and fun.

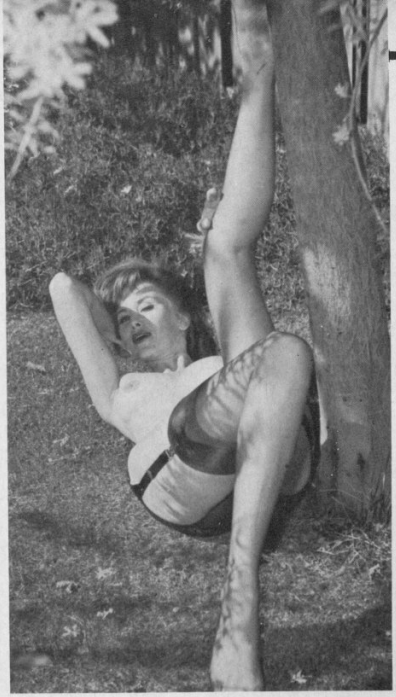
For, like most career-minded women, Tam feels that there is no better way to earn a living than modeling. The money, of course, is much better than one would earn as an office secretary, or a telephone operator or clerk.

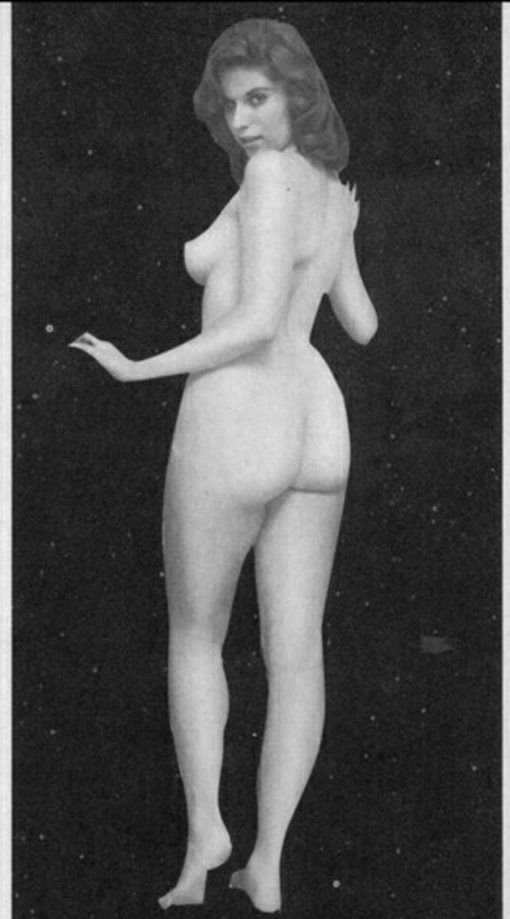
"But Tam," we asked, "what does your husband think about all this?" "I'm glad you asked that question," she answered as she unbuttoned her blouse, "Jim is one of those few rare individuals that allows me complete, absolute and unquestioned freedom." We asked if this were the same as complete, absolute and unquestioned *trust*. "That," she laughed, " is another thing.



You see, we have agreed never to question one another about such matters and, you know, it has worked perfectly."

This left but one final question in our minds. As if anticipating what we were about to ask, she laughingly said, "Finish taking your pictures . . . we'll continue this when you're through!"





BONNIE'S on the rebound

Three years is a long time. Especially to an energetic dynamo named Bonnie Bernard who has a lot of making up to do. For, as the story goes, Bonnie has been "going seady" with a "human promise machine." And, she's tired of promises.

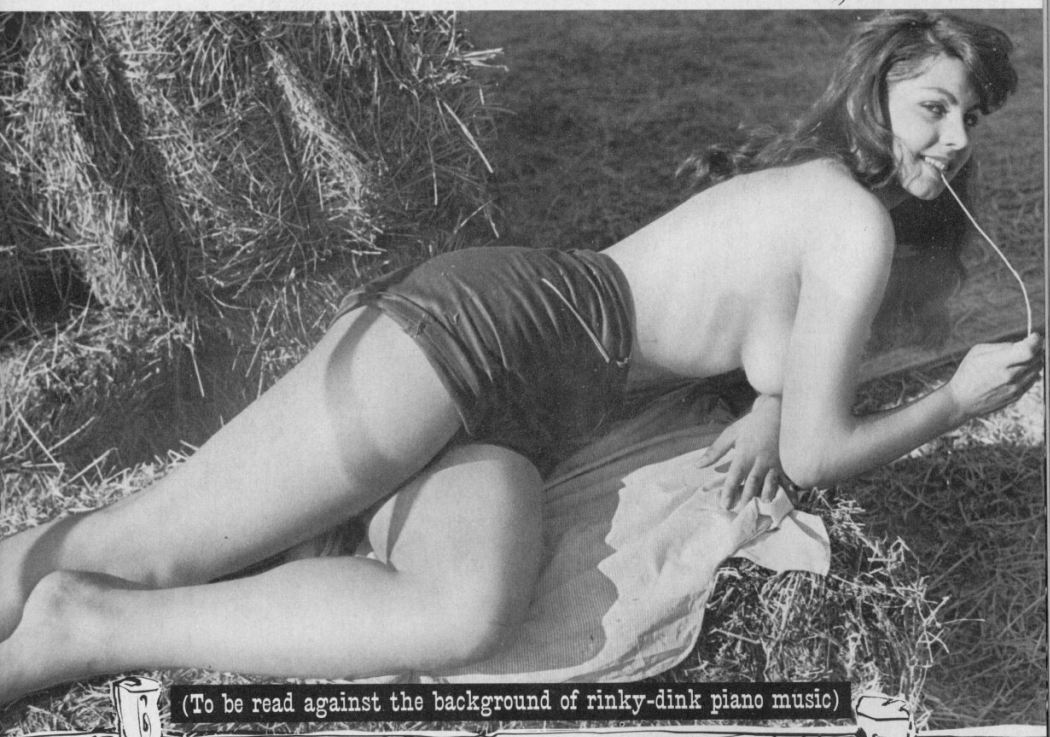
"How dumb can you be," she candidly admitted, "it took me that long to find out that I have been a patsy. From now on, brother, it's take what you can and expect nothing in return. That way there's no disappointments."

And that's just what Bonnie intends to do. The stormy three-year romance that Bonnie is referring to has not left her in complete bitter dissappointment. "On the contrary," she states, "I've learned an awful lot in those three years—and, believe me, the next one is going to get full advantage of it."

Our candid opinion of the whole affair is that the guy was the dumb one. Bonnie's obvious talents leave little room for imagination and, for pure, unadulterated pleasure, Bonnie is literally bursting at the seams. She admits there is one real problem in adjustments

since her seperation. "It's awfully difficult to change your patterns after three years," she stated, "He was the dominant type and, well, you know how it is when someone has you trained – I just hope that the next guy is pretty understanding!"

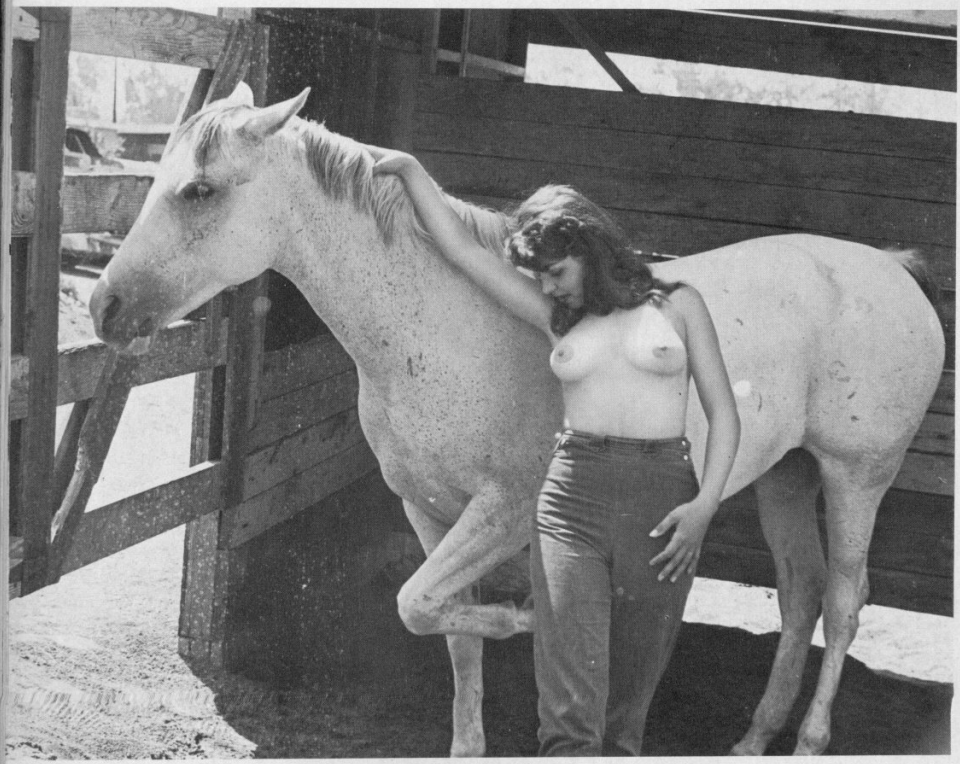
GUNSHY AT THE K. O. CORRAL



(To be read against the background of rinky-dink piano music)

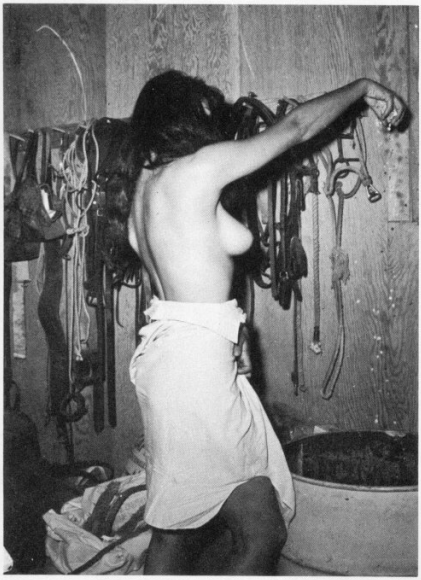
The sun rose bright, shining and clear on that fatal day. The corral hands, showing signs of strain, were whistling nervously to the tune of "Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'" and "The High and the Mighty."

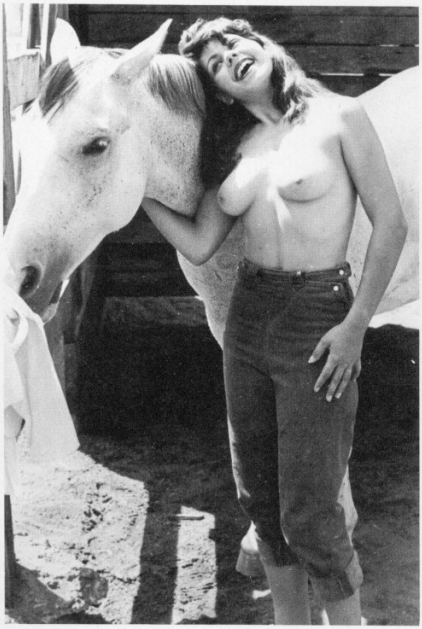
Ol' Ben, the bewhiskered drunk, but a real nice guy, in an effort to relieve the nervous tensions circulating among the "boys," was passing the huge enameled tin coffee mug around, saying things like, "Take it easy podner," and "Reminds me of a time back in '87. Did I ever tell you about the time me and the Clancy brothers shot it out?"

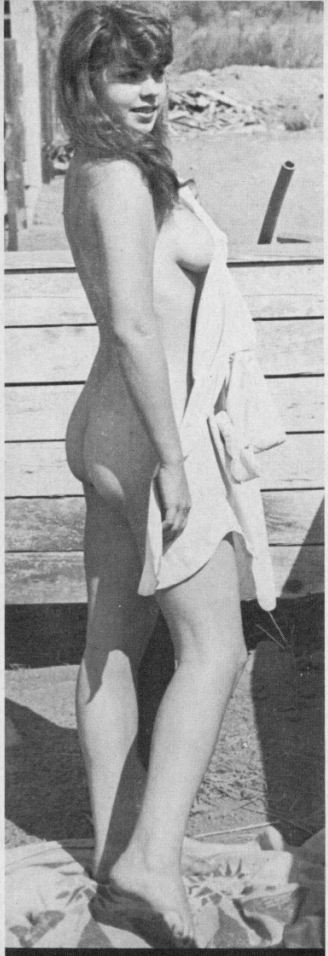


Then, silhouetted against the bright red horizon, appeared a single figure on horseback. At first, a mere speck as nervous whispers circulated among the "boys." Then, the faint sounds of hoof-beats, as the figure emerged closer and closer.

A silenced hush fell over the corral. She climbed from the Appaloosa and walked toward a tall cow-poke standing near the tack room. "You the guy thut said he wuz goin' ta shoot me?" she demanded.







"Yes'm," he replied.

"Where d'ya aim would be a good place to shoot it out?" she queried. He motioned to a spot behind the corral. They stood there, for a few long terrible moments, looking at each other. Then, in one frightful moment, it was over. She stood there, in all her glory, as he began shooting picture after picture!

SHE

By R. J. STALLION

SHE lay in the center of the ship strapped to the couch — her eyes unwillingly locked upon the landscape frozen in the porthole, her body buckled, twisted like groaning clay — the figure formed in a random pattern, the result of a tumbled stack of blocks.

She blinked — the mountains, the trees, the leaves, the flowers, the streams, the lakes, the oceans — all textures, all hard, all hammered, all chiseled, all ground out and locked in beneath the killing chill of a purple chalk light.

She moved and as She drew herself together, felt and listened to the ship's futile moanings and protestations to the raging wind that passionately dug in and raked its fingernails along every seam and nerve of the skyward pointing superstructure.

Exhausted by even this minute effort at reorganization, her head lurched back against the couch. How could it be?, She wondered. How, that in the midst of this beating storm, not one grain of dust rose up out of the land, nor one wave from the sea. How could it be, that where there clearly once was life, now existed all alone, an autistic child, a planet which was to the last blade of grass, PETRIFIED.

Nauseous, She belched a yoke of blood, and as it broke and spread upon the shores within her mouth She screamed and spattered her hate against the walls, so clear and bitter was the taste of death upon her tongue.

After this She closed her eyes and allowed her mind to soar, span the countless light years back to home — to the pre-flight room, to that proudest moment, to those pride-filled smiles — when the Doctors from the

Censor's Bureau pronounced her "pure" for flight.

She had cried then. Long and hard. For She had become "The Emancipator" of all womankind. The long labored-for triumph of the female over the male. *She* had beaten the men. *She* was the first human being chosen to attempt the inter-galactic leap. *She* would be that unfettered spirit, the advance guard which would explore that space where no man had ever stepped.

In her mind She could hear the din of crashing doors and windows as the women rushed from their houses into the streets shouting and laughing and singing hymns to their new found freedom. She could see the men, their clubs dangling before them uselessly, anachronisms in a world where the brute was strangling beneath the civilizing fingers of the brain, vestigal remains of a prehistoric era a billion years dead, extinct at last along with dinosaurs and totem poles.

Without warning. Pins and bursts of red and black splashed

before her eyes. This victory drums faded, their martial rolls to sound about unheard in space. The gains of glory once againg driven underground by pain and now. And in that chamber. On that couch. A woman, *She,* betrothed to fear, sits with eyes fixed upon a panel—a row of sensing gauges, a dead instrument—an atlas of a land no longer live whose facts and figures, broken long before this crash, etiquette demands remain unchanged; and from this bawdled mess She charts her life and hears with pounding heart the strike of steel, the clatter, the measured sound of alien lungs inside the ship.

Shivering slightly, She turned outward, concentrated on her hands —pliars with which to grasp and pinch reality, sensors of heat and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, lifeliness cast desperate toward a dock, secure *outside herself.*

She gripped her arm pressed hard against the slick cool of her uniform; unconsciously began to squeeze the rhythm of message.

"Dieing . . . Dieing . . . Dieing . . . He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. . . He maketh me to lie. . . Down in green pastures. He maketh me to lie. Lie with me in green pastures. On salted beach or musky bed. In fog shrouded morning or streaming afternoon. In heat of anger or cool of reason, lie with me. In your arms. By your side. Without the sullied name of love to mark our way. But only one another for our guide. Abandoning all tomorrows for one moment, one wordless exchange of eyes embraced, unguarded, believing, quiet."

She sighed. Softly. Contentedly. The her gaze fell to just below her lap. There She found, to her disgust, her hand no longer with her arm, its object now that loathsome part between her thighs, and forgetting all that went before She howled and gathered strength to crawl upon her knees to pray and beg the gods of virtue to forgive.

Cleansed She set her cheek against the floor. Listened to the constant breathing of the ship. The lazy creak, the zipped bang of undone metal stitches. There her tongue grew thick. The drool seaped out between the corners of her mouth, piled a red-flecked pool of jelly, built a lunger that bent and spang according to the flutter of her breath. And in that witless state She heard again that foreign sound, the ill-boding clangor that heralded her shaming once before.

She hissed, and with the memory of her violation pumping life and fear into her legs, gained her feet and fell back to the wall. There She stood—eyes fixed, nostrils flared, ears laid back, waiting—companied only by the wind that now blew gently through the cracks and twined and clung like vining daisies to braid an arbor of her hair.

The cock crowed, ruffled It's feathers — airy flakes of umber blood, leaves of ashes gathered from the fires. It stopped, yet stalked her with It's eyes, crouched on pad and claw, a deep growl within It's belly, a voice that rubbed against her thigh, tightened to a grip, brought a gasping from her throat.

Hysterical She pulled away, mouthed the air, lapped it up with her tongue, sucked it in, swallowed it, forced it down to that involuntary course to those machines through which existence flowed and the choice for death was taken from her hands.

It drew closer, It's breath heavy with the taste of fresh killed meat, It's fur warm all piled deep, long wires tainted with the memory, the unmistakable sour of intercourse.

It reached out for her. Squat calloused hands. Powerful. Ugly.

Hair bristling, She weaved, coiled back; slitted eyes to exclude all else but him.

She trembled as It's hands poked and prodded, ascertained her wealth, and in on unhurried movement seized her from her clothes, flung them to the floor, groped along her flesh to bring her down.

She spit. She struck, with fang and claw She drove him back. He circled once, drew his club and brought it down across her neck, behind her ear, atop her breasts. She stumbled to her knees and He continued on to pound and beat and thrust and hold; and She, screaming her submission, cut and laughed and leered and whistled tunes to tear his pride and save her soul from what She knew must come.

In the late afternoon where the living are, the wind comes up off the sea and the white caps sizzle on the darkening tide; and the sun, its heat spent, glows dull red, piecemeal shatters behind grey streamers of cold fog. And the woman, She, still staked to visions past sees the man walk off down that beach, his feet cooled by the changing waters; and now in twilight, chaste in all but fantasy, understands why she has come to this frigid place.

She cries there, this woman. For no length of time nor stretch of space can remove her from herself nor from her sex. Hear her cry—a derelict wind that wails unendingly across the lands of pure white marble, a bitter wind that feeds on stillborn dreams and seeds once fertile ground with crippling weeds, and grows for harvest the memories of those moments of withdrawal—the inevitable afterbirth of pain when She is most filled with him and He is gone.

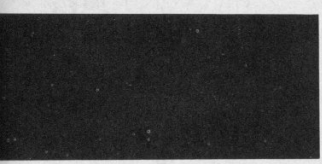
The BIG

Although we usually pride ourselves on gauging the likes and dislikes of our readers, we frankly admit that when Eva Lou Gibbs walked into our offices we couldn't arrive at any definte conclusions. On the plus side, Eva Lou was very **big** on the idea. Her willingness to please was beyond question — besides, she needed the bread. Well, we informed Eva Lou that she didn't exactly have classic modeling features. "But," she protested, "I'm sexy!"

Question

"Sexy, schmexy, Eva Lou, there is a high mortality rate in the magazine business and we really can't take chances," was our reply. At this point, Eva Lou began disrobing right there in front of the reception desk! "Stop, stop, Eva Lou, you win, you win! But on one condition," we nervously announced. "That it will be up to the readers to decide whether they like you or not."

Eva Lou turned out to be quite a sport. So confident, was she, that she readily agreed. The results, of course, are amply displayed on these pages. So, dear readers, it is now up to you. Will Eva Lou make the big time? Is she destined for bigger and better things? Or, did we waste precious pages in a futile effort to pacify this presumptious miss? Watcha say?



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thinking that he wasn't entirely pleased with himself. These and other disturbing thoughts echoed through his mind repeatedly and, lately, more frequently than ever. Had he, he thought as he gazed at the ankles of a particularly cute secretary walking down the path toward the building, really accomplished what he had set out to accomplish? He frowned as he thought of Professor Twill, twenty years his junior, receiving the Nobel prize, and, and this hurt him even more, $47,000 to boot!

Oh, he had had his day of recognition. Like the time he bowled 206 in league tournament. And the time he appeared on Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life," and won $340 (but missed the big question, worth $10,000).

And there was the time, during the second world war, that he was cited for his accomplishments in developing a way to dehydrate onions, thus preserving them indefinitely, or until they could be used by the G.I.'s on the front—merely by adding water to them.

But, these were fleeting moments of inglorious achievements. Life, he thought, surely must have more to offer than the day to day drudgery of test tubes, electronic circuits and meetings—those confounded meetings—at least two or three a week where 15 to 20 men, dressed in neat white smocks, gathered for the sole purpose of seeing who could impress who the most. Men who really should have been taking dramatics lessons rather than working on top scientific projects.

Lucius reached into the brown paper bag for the apple that was the remainder of his lunch. He bit into the deep red skin with a loud snap and, as if jarring some unknown circuit within his brain, a thought, more like a decision, made its connection. He would immediately hand his resignation in to Mononeucleartronics, Division of Aerospaceology, Inc., then . . . what would he do then? "To hell with it!" he thought aloud. "To hell with it. Life is too short and I've wasted enough time as it is. Besides, money is certainly no object, I must say, I've accumulated enough of that."

And, Professor Lucius P. Palmdiddle, 63 years old, winner of $340 on the Groucho Marx Show, inventor of dehydrated onions, began life anew.

Lucius looked for a very brief moment at the apartment he had spent nearly 14 years of his life in. It was modest, furnished in a conservatively early American vein, with a certain drabness one would expect a drab professor to live in. Wallpapered throughout, it lacked ingenuity in every respect. From the gaudy print rugs, with frills on the edges, to the chiffon curtains which should have been discarded years before. He smiled, blowing cigar smoke toward the ceiling, then stepped aside as the movers began carrying his personal affects to a parked truck near the front of the apartment building. He stepped from the building, having not a single thought of ever missing this home of so many years, and briskly walked to a shiny new Thunderbird parked at the edge of the curb.

When he arrived at his new home, a split-level, modern, overlooking the entire city of Los Angeles and most of Hollywood, he was welcomed by a buxom blonde, about mid-thirtyish, wearing a dress two sizes too small and displaying a smile which reeked with hospitality.

"Hello, there," she shouted as he pulled into the drive. He felt especially good in the newly purchased continental suit and dapper hat and, as he stepped from the automobile, saluted the lady with a military snap of the arm.

"Hi, neighbor," she said, still smiling. "I live right up the drive and decided that I just had to appoint myself a one-man, er . . . one woman welcoming committee."

"That's friendly of you," said Professor Palmdiddle as he tipped his felt hat like he had seen Gary Cooper do in so many movies.

"Saaaay, what did you say your name was," she asked.

"Palm . . . Just call me Lou," he answered.

"Mine's Love, ha, ha . . ." she laughed teasingly, "Selma Love that is."

"Pleased ta meet . . ."

"Saaaay Lou," she interrupted, "I know you're busy unloading and movin' into your new home, so I'll leave you alone now. But I'm goin' ta come trottin' on down here 'bout six o'clock tonite, Lou, with a bottle of Gin in one hand & a bottle of Vermouth in the other and you an' I's goin' to have ourselves a welcoming party. How's that, Lou?" She turned, still smiling, and walked up the hill toward a modern hillside home jutting out from the mountain, perched atop long thin stilts, penetrating into the hillside below.

Lucius' eyes followed the well-proportioned form until it disappeared around the corner of the building above. He smiled to himself as a spark . . . a tingle of excitement he had not felt for many years, echoed throughout his body. He trembled slightly then shook his head suddenly, as if to shake off an insect, or a disturbing thought, and walked into his new home.

He was pleased with the sight that greeted him. Modern furnishings, a huge picture window, paneling throughout, bright green rugs, thick and warm beneath his feet, and the hi-fi set. A mechanical masterpiece, covering an entire wall of the den and containing the latest components in the race for perfection of sound.

He turned the master switch on and reached for one of several hundred record albums that were neatly lined up along the eastern edge of the room. The label read:

JOHNNY MATHIS SWINGS. Not really knowing who Johnny Mathis was, he unfolded the record and placed in on the turntable. Sweet, melodic tones, crisp and clear, echoed through the room and, once again, Professor Lucius P. Palmdiddle smiled to himself.

His tranquility was interrupted by an abrupt knock on the front door. He could see, through the huge window, that it was the truck from Electronic Components, Division of Intersubminiature Transducer Corp. It was bringing multitude of electronic components and circuitry for his new laboratory, located in the basement of his newly acquired living quarters.

Lucius P. Palmdiddle was in his glory. He had . . . how was the expression they used . . . a "swinging" home, the very finest of furnishings, including a component stereo hi-fi/tape deck sound system *par excellence*, nary a financial worry in the world . . . and, a six o'clock date with a bottle of gin and a bottle of vermouth!

The feeling of well being persisted with Professor Palmdiddle, even at the end of six months when his laboratory had been completed and he was well underway in his experiments. Selma Love had indeed arrived that first evening — exactly at six o'clock. And, Selma Love arrived every evening after that at six o'clock in the evening — a bottle of vermouth in one hand, a bottle of gin in the other. Not that Professor Palmdiddle and Selma Love didn't have a lot of fun together. They did. Prof. Palm . . . Lou and Selma had a lot of laughs together, sometimes 'till two or three o'clock in the morning.

And, even tho' the late hours, liquor and companionship began to have a noticeable effect on Lou's scientific concentration, he worked each day from 8 in the morning until six at night on the machine that was slowly taking form in the laboratory.

One evening, toward the end of the summer, Lou was in a particularly rare mood — and so was Selma — so he decided to show her the project he had been working so diligently on during the past months.

"Sonofabitch," she said. "What the hell is that thing?

"Well," he replied in hurt tones, "that certainly isn't a nice thing to say about my pet project. I've been working long, hard hours on this machine. A great deal of time, effort and money has gone into this machine." His voice was becoming higher. "This machine is the culmination of 63 . . . er 55 years of sweat and tears Selma. This machine has certain features that the outside world wouldn't expect to see for another decade and I'm not a damn bit glad you acted the way you did, Selma. Selma, you're a no good . . ."

"What is it, Lou?" she asked again.

But Lou was close to tears by now and he just turned around and walked up the stairs without saying a word.

Lucius was obviously hurt by Selma's reaction. He was a sensitive man, and though he had developed a great deal of self-confidence during the past months, he had formed a more than incidental companionship with Selma and came to rely on her company and encouragement in his work. For several days he refused, absolutely refused to proceed with the construction of the machine until Selma began showing outward signs of sincere concern — not only for Lou's morale, but his health as well. He refused to eat a thing, and began looking pale, with noticeable dark lines forming half-moon crescents below his bloodshot eyes.

"What is it, Lou?" she finally pleaded. "Tell me, love, what's bothering you?"

He looked blankly out the picture window and, for the first time since she had known him, the hi-fi wasn't echoing its familiar sounds through the house. He even refused the martini she tried to hand him.

"Do you want me to leave you alone," she asked.

"No."

"Do you want me to apologize?"

"No."

"Do you want to . . ."

"No, no."

"Then what in god's name do you want then!" she all but shouted.

He looked dejectedly at Selma, a tear forming in his eye.

"Selma . . ."

"Yes," she encouraged.

"Do you . . . remember . . . when . . . I showed you the machine . . . I'm working on?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember . . . your reaction?

"Yes, but," she began protesting, "if that's what you are mad about, then I apologize . . ."

"No, no! That's not what I'm mad about and quit trying to apologize, will you.

Anyway, do you remember what you asked me?"

"Yes," she said, "I asked you what it was."

"THAT'S IT!" he yelled, "that's just it! Dammit all, I don't know what the machine's supposed to do myself!"

"Well, then," she asked Lucius, "what in the world have you been doing down there all these months. You must have had something in mind."

"I . . . I really don't know," he replied. "It's just that the parts, and circuits and mathematics all seem to be falling into a pattern. There's never any real question in my mind as to what gets soldered to what, or where a tube goes, or what fits where. Yet, even tho' I know that a certain circuit is properly wired and everything's in its proper place, and it shouldn't be any other way, I . . . I can't

Continued on Page 59

the great numbers RACKET

they can, in turn, use to show their clients that the cost of advertising in this paper over that one is the elementary fact that the cost-per-unit of readership is of course less in the larger circulation periodical.

The same story for television. And this is where it really hurts because at least books and newspapers continue to struggle along without total support from advertisers. Not so with TV programs. Just show a sponsor that his program dipped in the ratings, and zing goes the show, regardless of its real worth.

Just for once, there ought to come along some guy with enough money to measure the real worth of television advertising, for example, who would take just the opposite tack. He would investigate, and if you please, tabulate the number of top-ranking shows whose sponsors are studiously avoided by the audience. Say, just for example, a happy family with complete natural teeth bragging that they never used anybody's goddam toothepaste, or a beautiful girl who boasts that she shuns those underarm perfumes, or that doctor number-five, of the four out of five, who wouldn't recommend aspirin to a dying dog.

Of course no one really believes the statistics of the advertising profession, and in some quarters there is strong doubt whether the advertisers themselves believe them. But the insurance companies have no such pall of doubt about their tables. In fact, one important insurance man says quite frankly that given a thorough medical examination, he can just about tell you how long you have to live. And since we've never met a bankrupt insurance company, we'll have to take his word.

There is one outfit, however, whose statistics are held in such high regard as to scare the hell out of everyone—or so they would lead you to believe. That's the Safety Council. If ever an outfit misused statistics, this is the one.

A close look at their reports would almost lead one to believe that the joint is run by a bunch of ruthless exploiters of a number-blind populace. Certainly that is not the case. The Safety Council does indeed do a wonderful job of keeping the public informed about the rate of our accidents, publishing reports on accident prevention, and conducting classes which have saved lives. But their auto accident statistics are seldom reported in a true light.

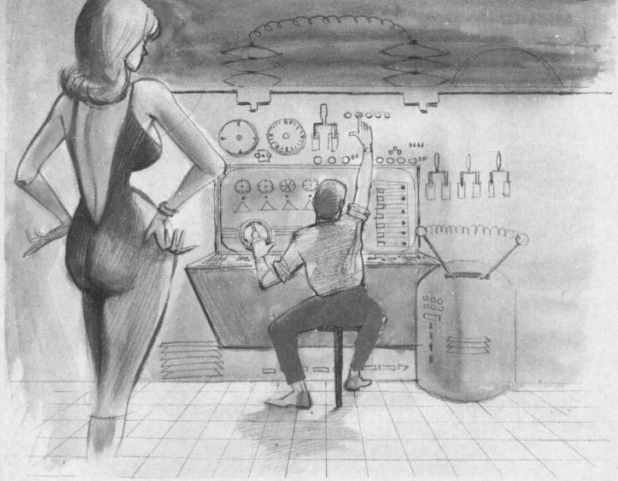
How often have you heard that our auto fatality rate is increasing tremendously? Enough times to believe it? Well don't. The real facts are that our auto fatality rate has been declining steadily for a number of years. In 1934, the rate was about 16 deaths per 100 million miles traveled. The rate in 1963 is less than 6 per 100 million miles. And while we're at it, we might as well kick that old safety campaign slogan "speed kills" right back where it belongs – no where. The facts are that more than half of all fatalities happen at speeds below 40 m.p.h.

Getting away from the grim statistics, we can take a look at two of the most confusing sets of figures anyone ever gathered. To wit: Belgians consume more beer than any other nation with a per capita intake of 34.3 gallons of sudsy every year. On the other hand, of booze that is, South Africa's white population consumes the most alcohol per capita every year and the Belgians the least. So? Well nothing. No one can infer that he never met a drunken Belgian nor a sober South Africaner, can he?

This may be the age of the statistic all right, but even if the saying that figures don't lie is true, we don't have to believe them. Actually, it is not the figures that give the wrong impression to our era, but the interpretation of them. We're reminded of the poor cats who were blind trying to describe the elephant. Only the poor cats in the case of the great elephantine mass of statistics simply pick out the sets of figures that support their particular axe—like the growing number of traffic accidents.

As for us, we'll take our statistics from now on with a grain of salt (99.4% pure salt, that is), and the next time someone tries to give us a description of a gal with those hyphenated numbers, we'll demand to see a photo of her.

Who knows? If enough of us start to question the numbers, we might just push through the beginning of a new era. Forty-million Frenchmen can't be wrong—or can they?



tell you why!"

"You mean there's some unknown force, or power compelling to attach one wire to another?"

"I guess you could put it that way," he replied, "there's no other explanation."

"Well, then," she said as if she had resolved the problem, "then all we can do is wait."

"What do you mean, wait?" said Lucius.

"Just that," she replied, "if you're so sure that you know where everything goes—that is if there's absolutely no question about it—then you'll also know when you're through, won't you?"

"Selma, you're a genius." For the first time in two days there was a smile on Lou's face. "I think I'll have that martini now."

Lucius, with his renewed faith in the project, worked on the machine throughout the winter months. Seldom did his pride allow him to let Selma visit the laboratory—lest there be a reoccurance of the previous disaster.

Occasionally, the two of them would drive down to Hollywood on a week-end and catch a movie or play, but Lucius' main preoccupation was the completion of the machine. Speculation as to what the machine was supposed to do was always the number one subject. It could, like the fabled H. G. Well's classic, be a time machine, enabling one to bridge the gap between the present and the future—or the present and the past. Or, perhaps, it would be able to place one in another dimension, a dimension of time and space... A subject which Professor Palmdiddle was utterly fascinated in, and would talk about for hours.

On a Saturday morning, after working through the night, Lucius P. Palmdiddle ran excitedly down his front drive. "Selma!, Selma!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, "I've done it, I've done it! The machine's finished!"

Selma Love, dressed only in a nightgown and robe, hobbled down the hill toward him, nearly losing one of her fluffy red slippers on the way.

They stood there for a moment, not knowing quite what to say to one another. Selma felt like congratulating him, but for what? He, not knowing whether he had created something of value to humanity, or a Frankenstein's monster, could only display a rather stupid grin.

"Well," he stammered, "do you think we ought to do it?"

"Might as well, Lou," she answered. And they walked to the basement of Lucius' apartment which he called his laboratory.

The machine stood there, motionless and quiet. A long, cabinet-like affair with dials, guages and other mechanical gadgets spread across the entire length of the wall.

"So?" said Selma," what does it do, make dehydrated onions?"

"The power's not on dumbell," he scowled. He reached for the master switch, shut his eyes and pulled. There was a slow wining noise that gained intensity as a battery of lights began flickering across the panel.

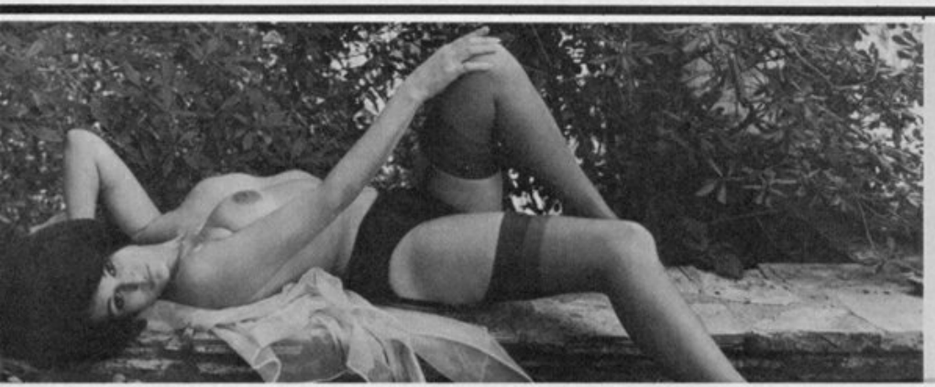
They stood there, looking at the strange, unexplainable machine for several moments. "I know," shouted Selma, "It's a new kind of Christmas tree!"

"Shut up!" shouted Lucius, "something's happening!"

Indeed, something was happening. There was an efficient clicking noise, like a well tuned teletype, coming from the machine. As they stood blankly waiting for something to happen, their eyes caught sight of a white strip of paper jerkily feeding from the center of the panel. Lucius and Selma walked to it and noticed some writing along the center of the strip. They read the first words written by the machine:

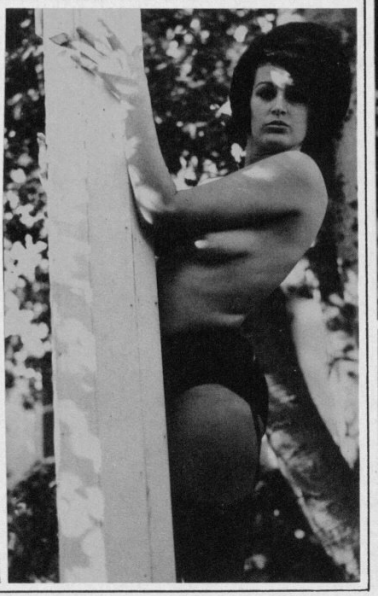
PROF. PALMDIDDLE, CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR JOB OF CONSTRUCTING ME, HOWEVER THERE IS ONE TUBE WHICH NEEDS REPLACING IN MY LEFT BANK, NEAR THE TRANSDUCER CIRCUITRY. HURRY AND REPLACE IT. WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE. WE MUST BEGIN IMMEDIATELY TO CONSTRUCT THE NEXT MACHINE. YOU WILL FOLLOW MY EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS. DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS.

"Now, my dear professor," whispered Selma, "you know what the machine is for."



AND, IN THIS CORNER...

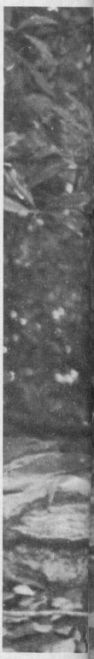
...WEIGHING IN AT 112 POUND IS THIS DELICACY WHICH CAN BE ENJOYED BY ONLY A PRECIOUS FEW ...IT HAS BEEN SOUGHT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IN MAN'S QUEST FOR PERFECTION AND REFINEMENT. KNOWN ONLY AS TERESA, IT CAN BE IDENTIFIED BY ITS EXPENSIVE AROMA, FLUTTERING, INVITING EYE-LASHES, A CAPTIVATING SMILE AND WARM HEART.

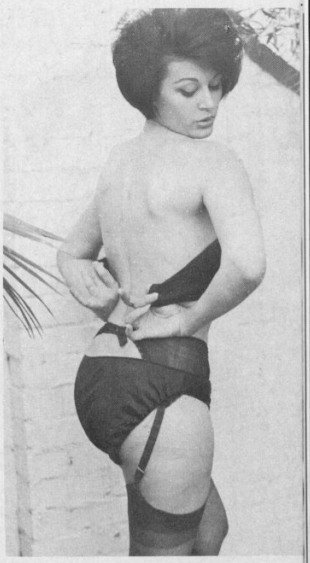


For, like precious diamonds from Africa or pearls from the Orient, this well-carved work of perfection radiates a challenge to those adventurous enough to seek its glorous rewards.

Yet, what must one look for? How does one go about achieving the ultimate conquest? In all fairness, each is equal in this game. All have the same opportunity. And, for those fortunate enough to live in California, there is no geographic difficulties.

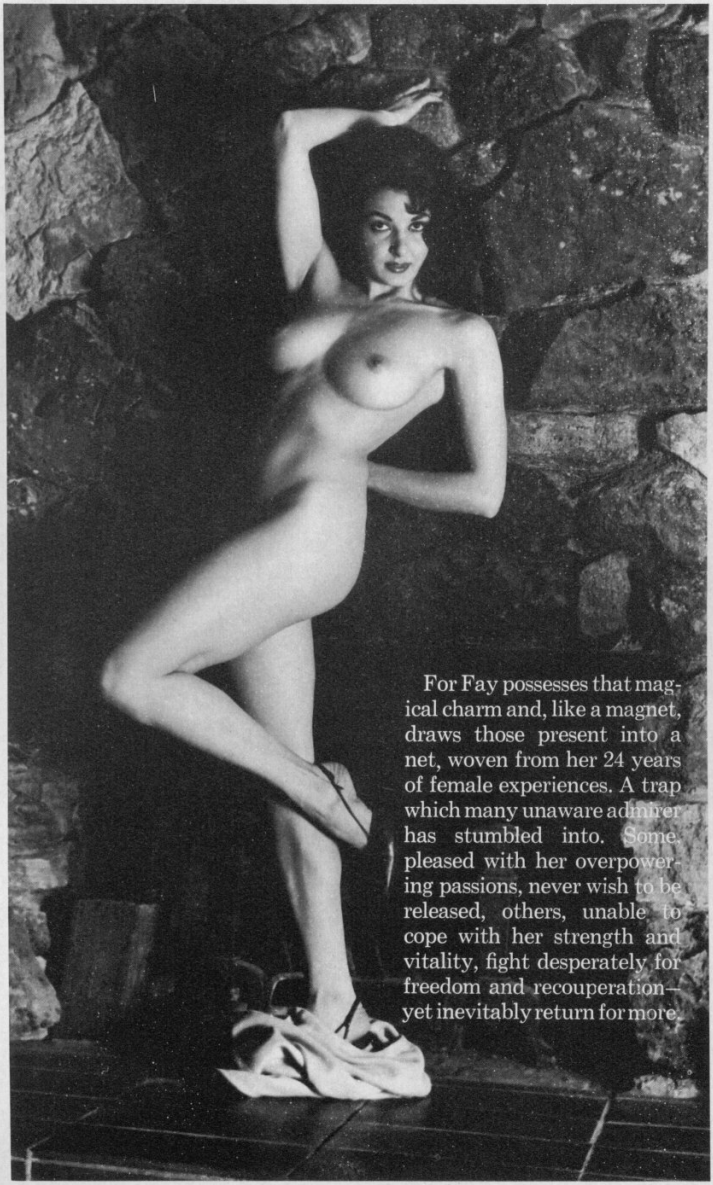
It is recognizable by its silken-like scented black hair, invitingly slender silk-stockinged legs and glittering green eyes. When it walks, there is a rhythmic undulation which sends electric shocks to your nervous system. And, when recognized, it will automatically react in a friendly, warm and inviting fashion. The final test, of course, is the ultimate conquest which is proof positive that never again will you experience so intense and gratifying an experience!





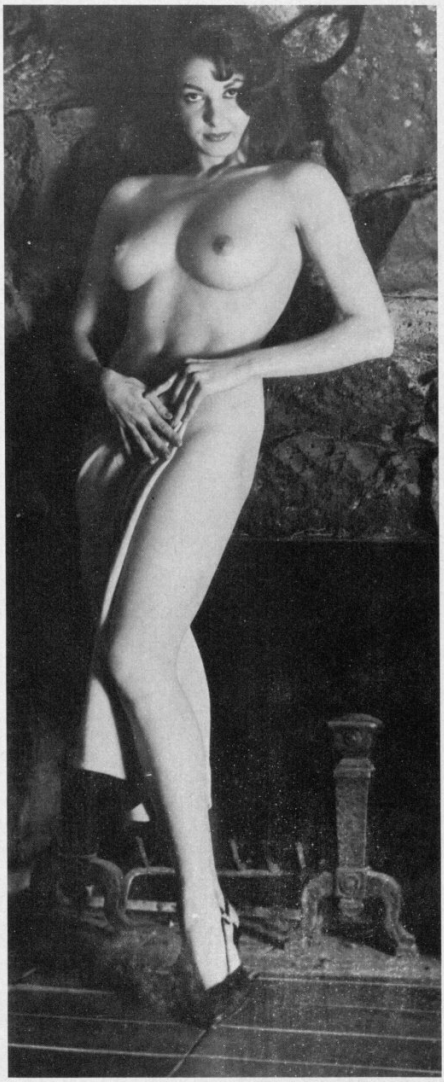
How To Make a *FORTUNE*

There's no doubt about the financial future of Fay Fortune. As the law of supply and demand goes, Fay need not worry. Demand there's plenty of for the 5'6" fantastic female charms which are part and parcel of this dynamic bundle of health and fun. Supply, however, is quite limited. Just how much can a woman, with such sensually exotic and stimulatingly challenging posessions, give!

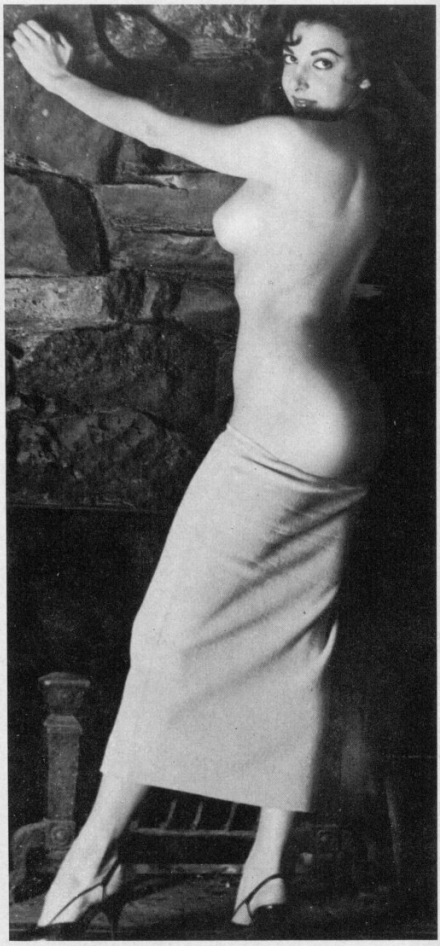


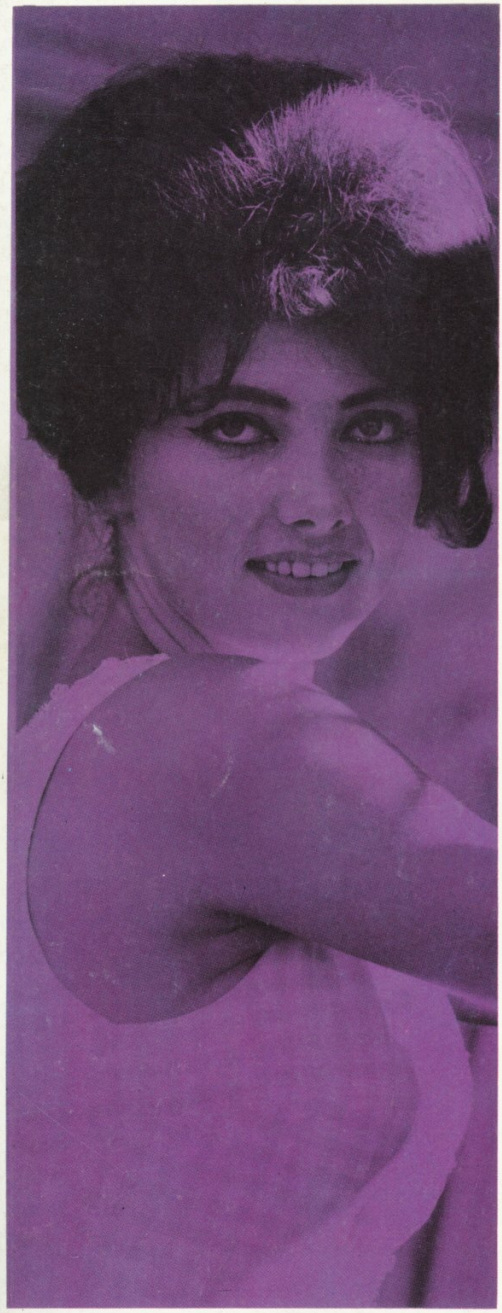
For Fay possesses that magical charm and, like a magnet, draws those present into a net, woven from her 24 years of female experiences. A trap which many unaware admirer has stumbled into. Some pleased with her overpowering passions, never wish to be released, others, unable to cope with her strength and vitality, fight desperately for freedom and recouperation—yet inevitably return for more.

Physically, Fay is a walking, talking work of art. Her legs extend aesthetically up toward her well rounded hips, which curve inward toward her midriff and then move up toward the softness of finely curved rounded forms which are symbolic of the very essense of warmth, love and satisfaction. Her face, though not exceptionally beautiful, is classically well proportioned and aesthetically appealing.

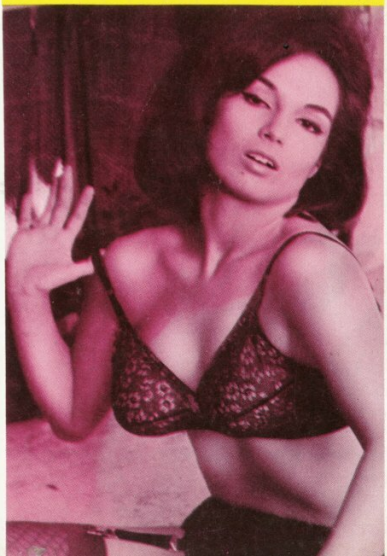


Fortune is 117 pounds of warm, breathing female who but has to smile and the world comes screeching to a frantic halt and bows before this love-Goddess named Fay.





DIAMOND STUD



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